

THERE'S NO *E* IN HORNY 3

by

Hugh Mungus

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“I love you more than ever...
Cindy Ever — my other girlfriend.”

— **HUGH MUNGUS** —

To Lawrence Neal:
Superlative Swing Swami.

**“I GOT A DIVINE PLAN, AND
IT’S JUST AS GOOD AS
GOD’S. IT’S BETTER.”**

(Employee of the Month, 2004)

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— **Introduction** —

World hunger? When was the last time you saw *the planet* starving?

World peace? Was I asleep when Earth began battling other celestial bodies?

Folks continually do and say things that don't make sense.

Support the troops? Wouldn't the best way to support them be to bring them home, as opposed to placing some stupid bumper sticker on your \$100,000 Cadillac?

Full of piss and vinegar? If anyone was brimming with the above substances they'd be dead, as opposed to sassy and vibrant.

Think about what you're doing. You get married due to the fear of being alone. Whilst betrothed, you're frequently more isolated than by yourself.

As such, you drool over pixelated porn princesses prone on your laptop, whilst avoiding your significant other at all costs. In order to right the ship, you end your life by having a child. When you realize raising a kid has detracted from your existence, you resolve the problem by, of course, producing more offspring. You despise your being due to having progeny, so the best solution is to create another bald, drooling idiot who can't wipe her or his own ass?

Wake up! In the words of Tyler Durden, "This is your life, and it's ending one minute at a time." (*Fight Club*, 1999)

Live. Don't subsist.

Instant pariah, just add logic. Most who read these words will denounce them outwardly, whilst tossing and turning over them awake at night. Trash your television. Boycott spurious ideals. Refuse to allow money, politics or religion to incarcerate you. It's highly plausi-

ble we get one go 'round on this circus ride. Lock that fucker on full throttle and set fire to the brakes.

Your *best* day at work will never eclipse the *worst* sex you've had. You won't remember saving \$5 on lunch meat, but can't forget the group grinding you experienced with a crazy Chiquita and her crochet club.

We're all capable of whatever we can envision. Jam this jizz-stained, bourbon-blotched book in your pocket and refer to it whenever you consider squandering your life perusing *O* magazine in the check out line.

This tattered, aching publication is the closing volume of *There's No "E" in Horny*. Good luck obtaining a Ph.D. in swinging. You'll never find an orgy certificate hanging on the wall at your dentist's office. An official wife-swappin' ID wouldn't even get you a free drink at a two-for-one happy hour. You're not in this

arena for the prestige. There isn't any. Either live or don't. The choice is yours.

Hugh Mungus

— **List of Terms** —

One moment you're on a cruise ship to Montana, the next you're trapped in a Guatemalan prison with a coked-up Celine Dion, Andy Griffith's preserved scrotum and eight strippers. Why breathe life into something if you suffer from chronic halitosis?

BOT: As sought after as rectal mites, this term denotes an automated, online advertisement.

DDF: An acronym connoting the phrase "Drug and Disease Free." The latter sounds fun, but the former has less appeal than Bill O'Reilly's sexual proclivity for oiled cucumbers.

EXHIBITIONIST: Think Barack Obama. How can I be sure? Worst campaign slogan in history: "Join Michelle and tell Barack you're in!" The guy mannin' the White House is a wife swapper.

MADISON IVY: A tasty porn actress who gets more play than a Led Zeppelin record on a classic rock station.

MILF: An acronym for "Mom I'd Like to Fuck."

NIPPLE CLAMPS: When Bo Bice sells more platinum albums than the Beatles, these will be regular items at Target.

NIPPLE EXTENSIONS: Besides truck nuts, this is one of the more bizarre inventions in history.

PTSD: An acronym for the term "Posttraumatic Stress Disorder." Akin to ADHD, and all other fictitious ailments out there, just another way for drug companies to make a buck.

THONG: A slender strip of fabric some call underwear. Akin to the corner piece of lasagna, thongs are tasty and highly prized.

ZIMA: An adult beverage more defunct than the Polaroid camera. John Goodman is less likely to win an Ironman Triathlon than this stuff is to make a comeback.

Decisions, Decisions

A sandstorm outside ate what was left of the paint job on my flesh-colored Ford Festiva. With zero sense of rhythm, I pumped atop the Native American woman I shared the mattress with. A box spring away, the lass' Latina friend was manually servicing some Vietnamese guy.

And that's when *he* arrived. Horny to the point of drooling, maneuvering a motorized wheelchair, was Burgess Meredith garbed in a Metallica concert shirt. The ominous figure brought his mobility aid to a stop inches from my head.

"Fuck her," the poster child for Metamucil sharply demanded. "Fuck her hard!"

This wasn't my strong suit. Couldn't the bastard tell I was doing my best?

The prune's caregiver hurried in, wielding a syringe and administering a shot.

"Wh—What's that for" I asked, out of breath.

"It's so he can attain an erection," the nurse replied.

"Fuck! That's all I need," I thought to myself. It wasn't bad enough Mickey Rooney with a mouth was already oversexed. Now, he'd be able to do something about it. Obviously, this was an era prior to Viagra.

The place didn't resemble a swing venue so much as a warehouse: empty save for three mattresses; a half-burnt, lime green couch; a gigantic, wooden Magnavox and a stuffed javelina over the door. It was my inaugural sojourn into group copulation, so I had little to reference when determining how a sex shelter should look.

I still found it difficult to believe such a locale existed this close to a major goddamned university. "Close," here, meant 500 feet away! Even more amazing? I was the only college-aged patron in attendance. Had I really uncovered an oasis hiding in the open? It was at that point I knew I was made for this crap. Akin to Adrian Brody regarding cocaine consumption, I had a nose for it. Some folks excelled at pubic braiding or tennis. I, however, was skillful at seeking out the nearest sexual celebration. This wasn't to say I was worth a damn in bed. I wasn't, but I had a knack for talking my way into shindigs where partygoers wore fewer clothes than inhabitants of an aboriginal island.

Realizing the senior above us was more mobile than anticipated, I became nervous. Hot breath wreaking of denture cream filled my nostrils, as the decrepit swing club owner dismounted his chair and began crawling toward my ad hoc object of affection. Disconcerted, I

I gathered my clothing and was more gone than Zima.

Before I could reach the front door, a round, brown housewife stopped me, asserting she liked watching white guys masturbate. Rather than brave the raging desert storm, I abandoned my pants and headed for the moldy sofa she was occupying. Like active bowels, I had to keep this shit movin'.

Yes, the presence of the old guy was more difficult to swallow than thumbtacks, but this latest proposition appeared to be a chance for redemption. Twenty minutes and millions of wasted sperm later, I heard the whine of the ancient's wheelchair again approaching. Grabbing my clothes, I raced for the door before things could get more uncomfortable than an operating table in Josef Mengele's office. As a coyote howled in the distance, I fled into the night.

You know you're an alcoholic when you work in a hardware store, a customer asks for a screwdriver, and you bust out the vodka and orange juice.

You know you're horny because you've Googled naked pics of Paula Deen. You're here due to one, three-letter word: sex. You didn't purchase this book because you were interested in determining the best method for polishing petrified peanuts. You wanted to know what it took to get laid like a rockstar.

When it comes to swing clubs, you're gonna have to chose wisely which to attend, or your first forays into wife-swappin' may leave you less than satisfied. In fact, you might become so disillusioned you'll conclude group sex is only for individuals possessing more hanging meat than a slaughter house.

More rubbish than a garbage dump! *Anybody* can excel at swinging. I've seen amputees, CEOs, doctors, extroverts, introverts, mid-

gets, paraplegics, postmen and priests shine in this arena. I've also witnessed everybody welcomed here, which is how it should be.

When picking sex shacks, the criteria is easy.

A) Nudity

B) Discount

There ain't no "C." Told you it was simple.

First, do your research and set yourself up in a city where swing clubs are prevalent. You'll be happy you did. After working 50 hours, it sure is nice to head to your local porn palace and receive a couple well-deserved blowjobs.

How does one uncover where the preponderance of swing venues are? How does one find anything these days? The Internet.

After locating a hotbed of clubs, narrow your search to the ones that are clothing-optional and cheap.

Whether you believe it or not, numerous locales have dress codes. Those are out immediately. Similar to singles bars, you'll spend most of your time in these places talking instead of screwing. *Adding* garments in preparation for coitus is like doing quality coke in order to get some sleep.

Circumvent venues that charge membership dues or extravagant entrance fees. Both are money pits from which you'll leave broke and frustrated. What's excessive? Seventy bucks per night is my limit. Clubs charging 20, 30, 40, 50 and 60 dollars for an evening of entertainment can be found within the U.S. Like buying a three year old kid a bottle of Dom Perignon for his birthday, don't waste your money on the overpriced and unnecessary.

People are continually having sex with cashews; i.e. they're fucking nuts! Why would you follow suit? Merge with more bitches than a communal dildo at a Women's Lib Meeting by

finding the cheapest, sleaziest swing club in town. You'll be glad you did.

Shakespeare Sucks

The works of Shakespeare, Frank Bacon or whomever wrote those nightmares we were forced to read in high school, are about as entertaining as a *PBS Special* on fungus. Yet we're informed these literary sleep aids are timeless classics.

Beside *My Dinner With Andre*, *Citizen Kane* is the most boring movie ever made. It's about a guy with a fetish for an inanimate object!

What's so wonderful about the Mona Lisa? I'd rather gaze upon a velvet painting of a nude chick any day.

I'll take a fuckin' Ford Fairlane that runs as opposed to a Lamborghini that doesn't.

People believe in some of the most ludicrous things. Abraham Lincoln was an overt racist and mass murderer, yet parents still forcibly send their kids to school to learn the 16th

President of the U.S. was a wonderful person who sought equality for everyone.¹

Mother Teresa — the best Catholicism has to offer — was a charlatan, herself a nonbeliever, and also responsible for countless deaths. Yet we're told this troll was a living saint.²

Not one historian alive during the time Jesus purportedly walked the Earth wrote so much as a word about the miracles JC supposedly performed, much less information concerning the dude, himself. We're talking a blonde-haired, blue-eyed white male, living amongst endemic dark-haired, dark-skinned people. A man who rose from the grave, healed the infirm with his touch, enabled the blind to see, turned water into wine, etc. Simple logic dictates someone with those attributes would be the subject of every bestseller of the day. Even though he wasn't, 2.2 billion people still profess belief in a personage who obviously didn't exist, or was nothing like fallacious history has taught us.³

Doctors refuse medical procedures to countless individuals lacking sufficient insurance. When these afflicted people die as a result, said physicians continue right on practicing, even though they're now murderers.

Judicious businessmen pay \$200 for a strip of fabric — known as a tie — they wrap around their necks, in noose fashion, so they can be uncomfortable at a job they detest. These money moguls spend \$500 on a shirt simply for the brand label — conveniently affixed *beneath* the collar where nobody can see it.

Why would you follow a group of morons who can't think for themselves? Why live by the tenets of an inherently screwed-up society?

"You are not your job. You're not how much money you have in the bank. You're not the car you drive. You're not the contents of your wallet. You're not your fucking khakis [...]." (*Fight Club*, 1999)

If you don't already possess a pair, cultivate some huevos. Dump the false ideals forced upon you by a population filled with delusional lunatics. Make your mark. Help some folks in the process. To approach your time here in any other fashion is to attach the cement shoes and plunge feet first into an ocean of regret.

Welcome to Viagra Falls

Fuck Viagra! You don't need it. Nobody does. You'd be better off taking a placebo, garnering some confidence and heading into a sexual skirmish.

We're talkin' a drug here with *numerous* side effects and only *one* benefit. With or without Vegas odds, that's a terrible return. Still, this shit must be sellin', since the corporation that produces it has the cash to run national commercials that play on credulous minds.

Viagra is more easy to figure out than a two piece puzzle.

Watch, or read, an advertisement for this little blue implement from Hell. Make note of which demographic is targeted. Males obviously, but which males in particular?

Married men. Specifically, betrothed, middle-aged men. One might conclude this equates

to erectile dysfunction for this age group, but that's what the makers of Viagra want you to think. It means money in their pockets when some 50 year old can't get it up once, fears he has a problem and runs to Dr. Kevorkian for pharmaceutical salvation.

Look at this logically, though. Due to fucked-up societal pressure, most men 40, 50 and 60 are either married, or have been. Consequently, they're having sex with the same partner over, and over and over. Hence, tedium. Hence, boredom. I love certain books, but I can only read 'em so many times before the anticipation is all but stripped from their plots.

It's the same with marriage. Hump one woman hundreds, thousands or tens of thousands of times and you're gonna lose interest. This is simple rationale most people don't stop to consider when binding themselves by law in a monogamous commitment.

Makers of Viagra, and analogous drugs, are aware married, middle-aged men — resultant of protracted periods of matrimony — will become bored. As such, these snake oil salesmen play on the weaknesses of this demographic, informing them they have an actual affliction.

Married? Been so for a while? Having a hard time obtaining an erection. Go out and have an affair. You'll be carvin' granite with your salacious sword in the company of your supplemental sex slave. It's simple logic, but the last thing the fuckheads at Big Pharma want you to figure out. If men realized they didn't need this useless crap, Viagra wouldn't be in business.

I've watched countless guys pop the little-blue-pill-that-couldn't only to still have difficulty getting it up. As a result, these bastards dive deeper into despair over a dilemma that doesn't exist.

Consider this, as well. One of the side effects that accompanies consumption of Viagra is the potential for heart attacks. Ask yourself this question: "Are you willing to risk having a coronary in order to obtain a hard-on?" If you replied, "Yes" your problems are mental, not physical.

Society is headed down a path in which the majority of males will be dead — via heart failure — but their penises will be rock solid.

Dump Viagra. You don't need it. In addition, you'll seriously lessen your chance of having a coronary.

What follows are tips to assist in your quest for tumescence.

A) This isn't *America's Got Talent* and you're not onstage. Trash terms like "sexual performance." You're forced to take tests and constantly adhere to standards that cause undue torment. Fuck that! These unnecessary evils

suck the fun right out of life. Don't allow them to permeate your last bastion of a good time: group sex. Be thrilled you're grabbin' bare tit! You've already won. Most folks are *watching* porn, whilst you're *living* it!

B) Partake of a myriad of women. By regularly rotating your inventory, it remains fresh and delicious. Doesn't that chocolate pie look scrumptious? It is, but now that you've tasted it, realize there's a bad-ass butterscotch pastry in the oven and an amazing apple strudel cooling on the rack. Try 'em all!

C) Last time I had sex I was alone and frightened. Don't exhaust your ammo during solo sessions. Some of the best coitus I've experienced was when nobody was around. Even so, I can't remember one solitary showdown I've engaged in, but still recall the worst sex I've had with a woman in attendance. Fingering your flute is pleasurable, but don't do it constantly. You'll end up with nothing left for adventures in the swinging arena.

D) This being said, there's no way you'll stop boppin' the bishop. Nobody does. Clergy do it — probably incessantly. Unless it's collecting pictures of Fred Savage's asshole, why stop doing something you enjoy? Should you find yourself whittling the wiener, use that experience as a training tool.

According to popular mythology, it's harmful to have an erection for more than four hours. What ass clown came up with this arbitrary number? I've had hard-ons for a quarter of a day whilst massaging the member. The only thing adverse that resulted was an orgasm so prodigious it hit the wall behind my head, staining the paint.

If you must whack it, do so for a long time. I never get in touch with myself unless I plan on being there *at least* two hours. You can apply your own specifications, but this discipline not only enhances your orgasms, it also teaches your body it's fine to hump for protracted periods. Hence, you'll be able to hook

up with more women. Don't be shocked when you're bestowed the colloquialism "Energizer Bunny" amongst repeat customers.

E) Da More I Drink, Demeanor I Get. Upon entrance to a libidinous location, some guys make it their life's goal to become Bud Light's best customer. The moniker "Super Sexual Soldier" isn't often found alongside the term alcohol abuse. Save the cocktailing for after the sex, so you don't find yourself as useless as voting.

Everything I Know About the G-Spot

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There's No "E" In Horny

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There's No "E" In Horny

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The Prophet

From the darkened confines of swinger Hell, I discerned the cantaloupe-colored glow of the Prophet's fire stick. Sentient shadows traversed the carpet-covered walls of the aging van. Fake fur the pigment of a cheerleader's bubble gum lined the star-shaped, vibrating bed. On a television more obsolete than dial-up modems, a white guy with a perm bent a black chick with straight hair over a kitchen table, whilst disco music played. The home-spun recipe of three different bargain basement colognes filled my nostrils to the point I felt they may bleed. A greasy, half-drained bottle of sloe gin awaited atop the dresser. Beside it, car keys and an open package of Magnum XLs spilled over the counter.

Although I couldn't see his face, I knew the Prophet was there, anticipating my arrival. None of my other acquaintances wreaked of a whorehouse, devoured '70s porn or had a dong the size of a Christmas Yule log. Once

again, I'd come for advice. Like before, the Prophet would convey his particular brand of profligate profundity. As a result, I'd depart wiser and better than I'd been five minutes previous.

More elusive than a Cubs' World Series title, nobody was ever certain the whereabouts of this intangible nomad, or whether he actually existed. As far as I knew, none had seen the Prophet's face. Many had heard his voice, but what he looked like was an enigma. Rumor had it he'd done a stint in the joint for tearing tags off mattresses and copying DVDs.

More frightened than a pedophile in prison, I'd traveled far, battling angry, naked soccer moms, to meet with the Prophet this night. I'd braved blizzards, crashed my alloy steed through guardrails, stared down impoverishment and near starvation to be here. In the end, I knew it would be worth it when I heard the Prophet croak from amidst the obscurity, "Never discharge your gun within city limits."

At that, the rear doors of the van shut, locking tighter than the legs of a devout nun. In seconds, the vehicle vanished into the night.

What the fuck—?! That was it?! I'd fended off armies of jealous husbands for that?! Legions of lasses tossing innumerable burning obstacles in my path, all for a mandate I could access from a municipal Website?! It was more disappointing than climbing Everest and discovering a Wal-mart at the summit. I didn't even *own* a gun, and if I did, what the hell did shooting it have to do with swinging?!

Despondent, I climbed back into my corroding chariot and limped home. I realized the Prophet spoke in parables. Hell, that's why folks called him the Prophet. Still, this particular piece of advice made less sense than the last one — "Peel the onion. It has many layers." — which hadn't become clear to me until I found myself amidst the largest gangbang I'd ever seen. Whilst other suitors were literally coming and going, the Prophet's ad-

vice resounded through my bitsy brain: "Peel the onion. It has many layers."

Watching the mismatched battle around me, it seemed strange the woman on the bed — outnumbered 15 to one — was winning. Men were being slain left and right by this ruthless ribald. Many a male stumbled from the mattress that day as useless as plates of prime rib at a vegetarian convention.

Watching the dead depart, I vowed I wouldn't be amongst their ranks. "Peel the onion," the Prophet telepathically told me from a trash heap behind a Sears in Nepal.

Heeding the advice, I suited up for battle and dove into the fray. After 10 minutes of combat, I "peeled the onion" — stepping aside for the next commando and removing my condom — whilst allowing the female target to give me a handjob. After three more vanquished conscripts bit the dust, I garbed my gun yet again, and leapt back into the con-

flict. I rinsed and repeated this process eight times during the course of the evening, and never received a mortal wound. Around me lay the dead, whilst thanks to the Prophet, I stood resilient, prepared for the undersexed female office worker who strode in an hour later.

The pearl to this latest nugget of knowledge eluded me until observing a Bob's newcomer spend himself watching 2-D porn 15 minutes into the evening. Thirty minutes later — when a group of dong-devouring dames entered — he was less effective than turning down the volume on a car radio in order to save gas.

It was then I comprehended one should forever save oneself for whatever may come. "Never discharge your gun within city limits." Sound advice I've utilized for decades. You'll be less sought after than a dentist with rotten teeth if your dong is softer than Marshmallow Fluff. Being perennially prepared could mean the difference between sex with one woman as opposed to 10.

Random Letters From Bob's House of Ass

Does Bob's House of Ass exist or is said locale — akin to Zeus, unicorns and natural 78-DDD tits — comprised of more bullshit than a cattle pasture?

Thrown together with putty, electric tape and the finest stolen furniture, swing clubs dot the landscape. Hidden like camouflaged hunters in the dense underbrush, venues of questionable morality — whether they be churches or sex sheds — are ubiquitous. Rifle through the glossy, substantial pages of your local adult rag, and you're bound to uncover advertisements for a few. Better yet, go on safari for these nearly invisible prey. Don't be stupefied to discover one three blocks from your house. You won't find these locations showcased beside the latest from the Nordstrom Rack. Jack Nicholson will pose in *Playboy* before places like Bob's are accepted in mainstream society.

Forbidden fruit, swing clubs are modern-day oases for the parched traveler succumbing to the arid, lifeless drone of contemporary existence. Hotter than crankin' the heat on a summer day in the desert, screw shacks are fuel for fantasy. Males will woolgather about them in the dark, whilst strengthening their wrists, but few will enter their inner sanctum. So, yeah, Bob's exists: not only down a tenebrous back alley near you, but also in your mind. Step off the grid. I did long ago, and never looked back. Become a dweller of the fringe. Drink mezcal and engulf peyote for breakfast. You'll be glad you did.

If you've read the initial volumes of this series, you realize the *Bob's House of Ass* section is comprised of E-mails to friends illustrating impure acts I've engaged in. Should you be unfamiliar with this segment, you may feel it necessary to shower with Clorox after perusing the following correspondences. Since responses and Internet posts are dis-

played verbatim, I've no control over grammar and spelling misused by others.

E-mail #1

Why is it when you're a pussy you're reviled,
but when you *have* a pussy you're revered?

What follows is the feature that put *Ass Plug Annual* on the map:

The dreaded roommate came home early whilst I stood in the kitchen more naked than a desperate whore. Since I was receiving a handjob at the time, the woman administering my rapture became frightened and ran for her room. At that point, I realized I was more dead than the career of Milli Vanilli.

Stiff as an Everclear cocktail, I was trapped like a mouse in the cage of a Boa constrictor.

As soon as diminutive, dorky guys are back in style, I'm golden! Clothed, I'm quite often asked, "What grade are you in, little girl?" Sans pants, things are a bit different. There's usually:

A) a moment of shock, followed by

B) a sly smile, which accompanies

C) 15 minutes envisioning General Norman Schwarzkopf nude so I don't demonstrate a textbook example of premature ejaculation.

Today, I'd hoped the roommate in question would exhibit "A" and "B" whilst I dealt with "C" as she reached for Mr. Happy.

Unfortunately, had a one-armed juggler been between my legs manipulating 37 balls, the *Bible*-thumping roomie would've failed to be impressed. C'mon, lady. I don't have a job, any inherent skills nor a dime to my name, but nearly nine inches on a guy who's shorter than the life span of the average housefly has gotta be worth somethin'. Granted, akin to the Hadron Supercollider, I've no clue how to use it, but that's why I drink.

Unfortunately, I was met with utter revulsion, and a promise to call 911 if I didn't don my clothes — which were, of course, locked in the room with the chick who'd gone AWOL.

By a miracle granted via Adrian Zmed — the man who actually created this Universe in his backyard with 30¢, a caulking gun and a vision — I made it outta said situation, only to find myself...

Drowning my sorrows at a local hooch hole, cleverly named...The Hooch Hole. As usual, hitting on the female clientele went as far as a car with no wheels. After my third Myers' and Coke, I began to realize — to my horror — a bulk of the customers around me were missing body parts. A finger here; an arm there; the leg that time forgot.

Not one to judge a person by the amount of limbs they possess, my experience in Hell's Apartment had left me shaken. I envisioned a sequence from *The Wicker Man* in which all

in attendance sacrificed limbs to some dead, rotting cult leader buried within the body of the pool table.

As such, I departed, slept off my buzz in a local park, returned later that evening for my truck and raced for the safety of familiar surroundings.

Writing a book entitled *The Wrongs*, so I can claim I'm righting the wrongs,

Moe Tell

E-mail #2

"Would anybody *really* be surprised if Justin Bieber had the name 'Geraldo' tattooed on his penis?" I asked the disinterested stay-at-home mom wearing nothing but well-placed body paint.

Through a concrete coating of eyeliner, she stared back at me, gulped the remainder of her Margarita and headed out to the dance floor. Three cowboys wearing ass-less chaps awaited her arrival and eagerly brought her into the fold.

Hookin' up in this pit was as easy as stealing candy from a baby...alligator. I was gettin' shot down like slow, low-flying ducks during hunting season.

"How is this possible?!" I wondered, with 300 horny, barely-clad individuals partying in the conference room around me.

It was my first soiree of this magnitude, and my opening lines were less anticipated than *Mr. Popper's Penguins*. At this point, starvation was all I could think of, since getting laid in this hellhole was more difficult than chugging vinegar. I'd been at the hotel for eight hours, and had nothing to show for my efforts but an empty stomach reminding me it hadn't been fed all day.

About as stupid as following Miley Cyrus on tour, I recognized I should have eaten something prior to the event. As the crowd around me thinned like Ron Howard's hair, I became light-headed. Making for a table, I sat before falling flat on my face due to abject hunger.

A few chairs over, a secretary-by-day who'd refused my advances earlier was being manually pleased beneath her sheer dress by two overweight guys. This shindig — initially promising — was falling through faster than a tissue paper roof in a rainstorm.

Normally at swing parties, I'm similar to that last drop of piss: no matter how much you try to rid yourself of me, I'm always in someone's pants. This particular bash, though, had a different twist to it I'd never been comfortable with. Because the event was being held in a corporate hotel, attendees were required to remain clothed until in the confines of their rooms. Wandering in a dress shirt and slacks made me less contented than a straight guy with an ample summer squash up his ass.

In a clothing-optional environment, I was the first to strip down, and meeting women was easy. In a mainstream setting, I may as well have been awaiting a French Stewart revival, because things just weren't happenin'.

A school teacher in garters passed by. Without thinking, I blurted out the first thing that came to mind. "What would you do if you met a chick, prepared to have sex with her and discovered she had two assholes?"

The horrified woman ran for the safety of her husband's arms.

A couple secured chairs beside me. So delirious, I rambled something about being an advocate of nationally-televised, full-contact billiards. In seconds, they were gone.

"Fuck!" I thought to myself. "I'm becoming more creepy than Tim Tebow!" In despair, I laid my head on the soiled tablecloth, accepting defeat.

Suddenly, redemption arrived in the form of a guy named Fernando. Validation it pays to be cordial to everyone — males included — the sweat-coated man pulled up an ass and recognized me from Bob's, where I'd had sex with his girlfriend. In less time than it takes Michelle Bachman to convince you she's insane, he was regaling me with tales of four nude women awaiting his return to a room on the third floor.

When I inquired why he was wasting precious time with me, he elucidated there was literally *too much sex* occurring from whence he came, and a breather was necessary.

Moments later, we found ourselves on a bee-line for a temporary residence where orthodox women by day were living out their fantasies by night. In our travels to the third floor, we met Nikki — a buxom blonde baker clad in nipple clamps and a thong. Of course this delicious dame became our E-ticket into numerous other parties in addition to the four chick extravaganza.

Initially less prosperous than a used tampon salesman, via tenacity, I'd weathered malnutrition and found entry to a carnal carnival.

Max A. Million

E-mail #3

Whilst lamenting the sudden, tragic cancellation of *Charles in Charge*, I discovered myself wandering the woods naked. "If Charles really *was* in charge," I wondered, "would the show have been terminated?" It seemed he was doing rather well for himself: a regular paycheck, a loving surrogate family, a roof over his head, three squares and his own room. Hell, he even had access to the entire house, which had obviously become his own, personal bitch lair.

Before coming to a conclusion, the passenger's side door of an abandoned VW Beetle opened up 20 feet in front of me. From it, emerged the nude butt cheeks of the highly-prized *hornus housewifus*, prepared for penetration. From an indeterminate point, a disembodied male voice beckoned, "Wanna fuck my wife?"

I tried dropping my pants faster than I'd drop a gold diggin' girlfriend with crabs, but realized I was already naked. The tractor beam emanating from between the woman's gorgeous globes pulled me in like a Costco customer to free samples. In no time, I was embedded in lubricated cheeks like Excalibur in the stone. The sally's hubby cheered me on from the driver's seat as though I was his favorite sports team.

Most people venture forth into nature to discover new flora, or perhaps a rare species of finch. I embraced the great outdoors for sex. Here, in the middle of nowhere, my search had produced bountiful fruit. Had it not been for Al Gore's greatest contribution to humanity — the Internet — I would never have uncovered this discount swingers resort. Others were trapped dealing with furious customers at the post office, or offering extra sauce to people who believed tipping was a province in China. I, however, was basking in splendid sunshine, free of the encumbrances of cloth-

ing, almost balls-deep inside a woman who was perhaps a bank teller or guidance counselor. It surely was a fantastic day, and well worth the \$20 entrance fee.

However tremendous the experience was, it didn't encapsulate the entirety of outdoor sex I'd encountered in the past, which quite often found me hiding from the cops or running for my life. Nude and sliding down loose soil of a mountainside, whilst the girl you're humping suddenly experiences a violent version of her period, is never fun. Couple that with being attacked by fire ants the size of cashews and you've got a scenario you'd only repeat when Richard Dawkins becomes Pope.

Overall, though, outdoor sex is a big turn on. Driving the deserted streets of suburbia at 3 AM, watching a department store owner piss in a 72 ounce cup whilst playing with her tits, is a Kodak moment.

Humping on a front lawn, as the owners of the house sleep soundly, is a joyous benefit life has to offer.

Still exuberant over Casual Fridays or a 25¢ pay raise, most folks don't get it. You don't have to be wearing a bright orange jumpsuit and standing behind bars to be incarcerated. We're imprisoned all the time. Don't believe me? Ask yourself: "Would you go to work if you didn't get paid?"

At least 90% of you perusing this — which equates to eight people — would reply with a definite, "No!"

Paul Bearer

E-mail #4

Into a microphone wreaking of happy hour cocktails, Bob Barker bellowed forth, "Okay, Hugh, what's it gonna be? Door Number One, Door Number Two or Door Number Three?"

Before me was a sexual smorgasbord: three nude women, laying face down, asses prone, awaiting oral gratification. Standing over the orgy bed, I slapped myself to certify I wasn't dreaming. Simply surmising which was better — original Cheerios or Honey Nut — caused my brain to cramp. Choices of this magnitude were better left to someone who didn't stop believing in Santa Claus until after receiving his driver's license. My mind overwhelmed, I was as useless as wearing a condom when one masturbates. I felt more fatuous than a person street racing next to a police station.

Unable to decide, I lunged headfirst into the ass in the middle, and was soon sorry I'd made such a hasty choice. Although her twin

mounds of pleasure tasted like ambrosia, I was horrified when she turned to her left and exclaimed, "Hey, bro!"

Beside me, another guy had entered the fray and was furiously knocking at Door Number One. In response to the salutation, he replied, "Hey, sis'! Havin' fun?"

Shocked like a kid sticking a butter knife in a wall socket, I stopped consuming chocolate starfish and gazed up. Like a hand grenade pop flied, I wasn't sure how I should field this one. Realizing there was no way to gracefully put this, I simply asked the woman, "You are speaking metaphorically, right?"

"What's that?" she turned.

"Wh—When you referred to him as your, um, sibling?"

"Nope," the woman smiled. "Steve's my real brother."

"Twins," the sinewy dude chimed in between sweaty thrusts. "Born seven minutes apart."

At that point, I became as soft as the underfur of a baby rabbit, and less effective than a gun with no bullets. How could I continue dining on a woman whilst her kinfolk was on the same bed, having sex? Had I not known the two were family, I wouldn't have paused, so why were things suddenly different? We're all related when you trace familial roots back far enough. Possible everyone came from Africa, or some extraterrestrial Petri dish, it took a scattering of people to jump-start humanity, correct? Hence, everybody is either a brother or sis—

Too much to cogitate for a guy who couldn't breathe wondering if Anne Heche would escape the island in *Six Days, Seven Nights*, I excused myself, asserting I had to pee.

Crossing the floor of the swing club, my mind raced, "This isn't the first time you've experi-

enced this, is it?" Quelled recollection: a low-budget porn audition in an apartment dirtier than a dog's mouth. I'd been organ grinding with one woman whilst a second was working the camera in the nude. After a knock on the door, an additional danglin' dong entered. In response, our photographer dropped to her knees and batted the newcomer's balls with her tongue. Surfacing for air, she turned to the actress I was with and stated, "Meet my brother Ted," as she motioned to the guy she was orally servicing.

I'd been so paralyzed with fear, I was scared stiff — at least below the waist. I recall being too terrified to ask the camerawoman if she was serious. I needed the money, so my focus was on the audition. Also seven seconds from what seemed a life-changing orgasm, I hadn't wanted to ruin the romance.

Now, scrambling for my clothes, frantic for a respite, I couldn't help but wonder if everyone around me was inbred. To God-fearing

members of society — many of whom were in attendance this evening — I was a heathen. This experience took things to a whole new level of debauchery, though. I suddenly felt dirty — a reprobate in need of a shower.

On my way out the door, the largest pair of tits I'd ever seen passed by, and I immediately forgot what I was running from. When all was said and done, I ended up on a heart-shaped bed, flanked by bare beauties, with Dean Martin crooning in the background.

As important as the difference between a left sock and a right,

Abel Body

E-mail #5

How long do we have to wait before Barbra Streisand and Steve Urkel distribute a home-made porn?

The following E-mail from my friend Rupert made my heart swell with joy, as the women mentioned in it were ones I'd sent his way:

"The Patricia poolside adventure sounds awesome! I am super stoked about my fun time with Carla. She looks so hot! Not to mention how straightforward she was about having all her holes plugged.

I never heard back from Lissa. But maybe its best since she sounds like a crazy bitch."

Right out of a *Harlequin Romance* novel.

Patricia is a Web find with pancake-sized areolae, one eye and an affinity for exhibitionist sex.

Carla is a MILF who screws men and women, alike.

I humped Lissa at a Motorway Inn whilst her sister watched from the adjoining bed, puking from pounding Southern Comfort Pepper.

Peace out, and may Suze Orman's career hit the skids, so she has to pose for *Penthouse* in order to make rent. You know that freak show's as tanned and smooth as Jif Creamy!

Gene Pool

E-mail #6

Hillary Clinton's tits were *huge* — far bigger than they appeared on TV.

In shock, I took a step back as she reached for a pair of handcuffs. "You bitch!" I thought. "No way your New World Order ass is gonna take *me* to the FEMA camps!"

Moments from having sex with the Secretary of State in a fur-lined room, I contemplated, "Why shouldn't I fuck her? She's continuously fucking us."

Of course, as this nude, whip-wielding whore squared off with me I understood this wasn't *really* Hillary Clinton, but some woman who could be her double.

Dropping my pants and brandishing my own weapon, I questioned, "Has anyone ever told you look like—?"

"Don't say it," she interrupted. "I abhor that bitch."

"Any halfway sane person would," I replied.

Gripping perhaps the greatest tits I've ever seen, the bawdy broad challenged, "Do you really think she's got a set like these?"

"No," I responded. "I actually think she has a set like these," as I grabbed my nuts.

Instantly, we were intertwined on the waterbed, meshing together almost as well as Hall & Oates. Pounding away at this lass — who had the face of pure evil, but the body of a Hustler Honey — I felt as though I was rectifying the atrocities Hillary Clinton had perpetrated on us all.

Lounging in a Waffle House — minus the "W" — scribbling this on a complimentary paper napkin at 4 AM, I comprehend my life isn't "normal." As the "scattered all the way" ar-

rives, and I dump a 50ml bottle of vodka into my large Coke, I realize I'm on the fringe of it all. No picket fences. No mortgage. Scrambled grease and suburban sex are my fuel.

B. Gorgan

E-mail #7

The likelihood of the phrase "National Best-seller" gracing the cover of a Hugh Mungus publication is the same as Arsenio Hall being the first human to safely reach Venus.

This is the kind of crap I've been enduring as of late:

"Ok Hugh - i just had to respond and tell you that your cock is gorgeous! No problem looking at your body either! i'd be the best little obedient slut in the world to stay in your bed.

Just so you know, i'm sitting naked with my laptop on the coffee table playing with my clit thinking about you jacking off looking at me."

As studly as pink turtlenecks, I'm the reason for the term "one round hound." If chicks online become this horny over naked photos, it leads me to believe a number of the non-bot postings on the Internet are either:

A) guys attempting to collect dong pics, or...

B) people afraid to actually meet and live out their fantasies.

Obviously, this prospect fell through like an elephant walking across a floor made of pubic hair and navel lint.

I'm averagin' three flakes every week online. "Meet us here! We're so excited!" has corresponded to numerous no shows. Most people riding Web waves do so from the confines of a work cubicle, and have 1,000,000 "friends" apiece on Fakebook. This demographic believes the term pearl necklace connotes a legitimate piece of jewelry. More disheartening than David Faustino's lifelong dream to play in the NBA, it forces *true* horny bastards to persevere.

Bob's has been busy, though. Hooked up with a seniorita in the Jacuzzi who was so damned hot, I was certain she'd charge me at the end

of our session. Being the only other person in attendance, I was all over her like Sheen on coke.

Hadn't seen this lovely previously, but akin to In-N-Out burgers, we need to keep the product fresh and constantly rotating. At first, this princess solely observed as I played my slide trombone. Twenty minutes in, she was goin' down on me quicker than the stock market during the Great Depression!

A proud product of the Don Knotts' School of Bodybuilding,

Chip A. Wah

E-mail #8

Nuttier than a PayDay bar, most people become orgasmic contemplating another season of *The Biggest Loser*. The level of entertainment experienced at Bob's today would have induced cardiac arrest for many. We're talkin' a transexual, a lion attack victim and a horny granny.

This evening, my friends Jose, Rupert and I respectively became Apollo, Poseidon and Ben Ding — a lesser god with no real skills but a penchant for Bundt cake, *Mannix* marathons and nipple extensions.

As the penis broke the surface of the water, my heart sank faster than the Lusitania. Sara was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. After watching me straighten things out for 10 minutes, she disrobed with her back to me — leaving solely her panties on — in a race for the Jacuzzi. I followed more closely than "U" does "F" in the word fuck.

Subsequent 15 minutes of conversation, she stood to introduce herself, and exposed a conspicuous bulge in her undergarments that secured our exchange firmly in the Platonic.

Enter Simone: a grandmother so hot, I came twice on her in a 12 minute span behind the closed door of Room 27. Her man, Cornelius — who watched from a darkened corner of our surroundings — frightened me, but then again all males scare me more than waking up sans penis.

I thought for certain Marlin Perkins — some dude who claimed to have been the victim of a lion attack in the Serengeti — had cock-blocked me outta action, but I rambled into Room 27 with 14 minutes to spare.

With less than a quarter of an hour remaining, I was slingin' more bullshit than a menial laborer in a sewage plant. The handjobs ensued. The cum flew like a powerful falcon on the prevailing jet stream. At some point, I

think I shit oil and vociferously praised the comic genius of *Grumpier Old Men*. In the end, it all equated to a pair of orgasms even a man who slaughters the king of beasts with a nail file couldn't keep from occurring.

As intense as Marv Albert's frantic search for his real hair,

Miss Take

E-mail #9

Awakening in the unfamiliar motel room, I glanced about. Apparently, after running out of alcohol, I'd once again resorted to drinking Listerine and Coke. What remained in the plastic cup on the dresser was damning evidence

I was alone, save for a pair of lace panties conspicuously stretched between the rabbit ears of a television set older than my jokes.

I opened the drawer to the nightstand beside me and pulled out the local phone book.

"Paraguay—?!"

Firing up my running laptop, I discovered a myriad of adult sites accessing midget porn.

"Not again," I admonished my drunken, incoherent sojourns into an unexplainable realm.

In windows beside the superlative smut was a Wikipedia entry for cling peaches, a picture of Tony Danza and a partially-written E-mail I was apparently composing. I didn't recognize the recipient's online address, but that corresponded, since I didn't know where I was.

Searching for clues, I read on:

"I'm attempting to get a condom tester named Peg A. Suss between the sheets. Straightjackets fill Peg's wardrobe closet, but her tits were featured on 'That's Incredible!'

I understand about not being able to meet Lisa and Larry on Friday. I played with Lisa yesterday, during which I bestowed upon her my customary three thrusts, a "Hallelujah!" and a prayer to the Justice League of America. How's this for a solution? We convene in the back pew at Our Lady of the Pointless Praise and hang out with a case of Manischewitz for the meet and greet.

I never comprehended the whole 'getting to know you' scenario. Why not just hit a swing club, get nude and hump? Do we have to drive across the country to find we're not com-

patible for something as trivial as my choice of socks?

As far as the dong pic is concerned, you're at least as hung as Larry, and Lisa's been married to the dude for years!

People are clueless! Two billion of 'em believe in a geriatric with a white beard who can hear our every thought, and floats in an invisible city in the sky! If these fuckers are gullible enough to buy horse shit piled that deep, they'll swallow anything! Sell yourself, and don't let this chick – or any other – intimidate you.

You know you can make Lisa wetter than the sea with what 'Oral Orgasm' is termin', 'The Golden Tongue!' You're confident your consummate clit command will have her cummin' like K9 students at dog training school. Hence, you've got the commodity she needs! You're gonna get laid by innumerable women whether she's there or not. Conversely, without you in attendance, she'll be having sex with her husband, and her husband alone.

With an amalgam of your oral abilities and whatever lame shit I do before passing out terrified beneath the bed, we possess a

one-two combo that puts Ali to shame! Unless we hire a tranny cow whisperer with a square asshole, she'll be bequeathed all the variety she needs at that point!

Like Taco Bell fare an hour after being eaten, I'm out!"

No indication as to what brought me south of the equator, but since all evidence pointed to sex, I was content to drift back to sleep.

Jack Rabbit

E-mail #10

"You got a hernia," the naked chick slurred beneath breath wreaking of Swisher Sweets and cheap tequila.

"A *hyena*?" I quipped, whilst thrusting uncontrollably between the moistened thighs of her comparably nude friend.

"No, goddamnit. A hernia! A fuckin' *hernia*!"

What I believed that operative word meant at once registered within my pint-sized cranium. For a harried moment, I stopped having sex and became despondent.

"How is such a thing even possible?" I pondered to myself. I had just horizontally hip-hopped with four senoras, and was currently playing with number five. "Was I a superhuman?"

To any woman who's experienced me sexually, nothing could be further from the truth. As potent as a 90 year old eunuch with no tongue, chicks weren't even *lightly* penciling me into their Little Black Books. Still, I *had* managed to have sex with five women during a two hour period, and anyone afflicted with a hernia couldn't possibly accomplish such a feat, could they?

"She's full of shit," my provisional physician asserted, checking my lower abdomen on an examining table colder than corporate compassion.

"Who's that?" I queried.

"The woman who informed you you've got a hernia."

"Really?!" I beamed.

"Uh, huh," he probed longer than appeared necessary. "You have *two*."

"Fuck!" I pictured myself hunchbacked, holding a bulge the size of a watermelon in my pants, while horrified women ran screaming.

"How did this happen?" I harkened back. A gorgeous girl with a clit the size of a big toe was swilling my skewer, whilst a silver-haired sweetheart was taking a break between our sessions. From the bottom of a handle of discount tequila, this second senorita decided it was time to impart the bad news. One of the better days of my life had suddenly become the end of the world.

My bony, white ass cheeks clenched atop the examining table, I speculated, "Am I gonna die?"

"Yes," Marcus Welby, M.D., responded, as if he could read my mind. "But not from this, unless you fail to get it treated."

As such, I found myself under the knife and out of commission for two months before I

catapulted back onto the mattresses of horrified honeys everywhere. Call me a breakfast staple because, for eight weeks, I was toast.

Wondering if Mormons are *completely* illiterate, or just don't comprehend the words "No Soliciting,"

Hugh Stun

E-mail #11

"No kissing," he emphatically stated, as much as a drunk could emphatically state anything.

"No kissing. Right." I repeated, ensuring him I understood his instructions.

"No s—spanking," he slurred, a spray of spit fountained from his mouth, narrowly missing my face.

Glancing about the well-stocked toolshed, I couldn't help but take note of how sharp the gardening implements were.

"You can't call her baby, darlin' or h—honey," he continued, although I'd become preoccupied with the stockpile of slaughter about me.

"We're these tools always this well-honed, or had he sharpened 'em on my account? And why did we have to meet in this shed in the middle of nowhere?"

"You won't be fucking her in our bed. That's *our* bed, goddamnit—!"

I snapped to attention at his sudden outburst.

"—and it has nothing to do with you! *Nothing*, do you understand?!"

Fearing for my life, I nodded in compliance.

"Good," he smiled, reaching out to pat me on the back.

Uncertain of his intentions, I flinched before composing myself.

"`C—Cause I was in the Coast Guard."

Not certain how that last comment pertained to humping this guy's wife, I feigned comprehension.

"Well, let's—s head inside and see if she's ready, shall we?" Completely hammered, he

attempted to open a solid wall before realizing the door was five feet to the left.

Crossing the field in the moonlight, I sensed I was inadvertently traipsing on fresh graves. This psycho could hack me up like 1,000 cats regurgitating 1,000 fur balls, bury my body in this marshland and even Bud wouldn't be the wiser.

Something unseen and massive rustled in the underbrush to our right. The house seemed so far away. Had it always been like this? In the distance, I could discern the guy's wife, dancing nude — probably inebriated — in a bay window that overlooked a spacious deck. Tiki torches lit the scene. I was either about to get laid or diced into more sections than the goddamned *Bible*.

Inside, *The Best* — or worst, depending upon your outlook — *of Abba* blared from blown-out speakers. Empty whiskey bottles littered the termite-riddled floors. The lights dimmed,

as I turned to see the drunken husband "setting the mood." Taking the corner, the music also subsided, and the same nude, dancing queen from before was immersed in moonlight spilling through the bay window.

Each tit was more massive than a Cabbage Patch Kid's head. I hadn't been this inspired since watching Kirk Cameron in *Left Behind*. Before I could catch my breath, she rushed me, jamming her tongue down my throat.

"Fuck!" my mind raced. "Had the gardening shear-wieldin' defender of the coastline seen that obvious breach of Rule Number 47?! I turned as said lunk staggered into the darkness mumbling about, "More beer."

The concupiscent cutie stammered, "Kiss me, baby! Make me your slut, darlin'! I love you, honey!"

Hadn't she gotten the memo?! Blatant disregard for Rule Number 48! You couldn't have

scripted that any better. With all the terms of endearment out there, she had to specifically choose those three?!

Dropping my sweatpants, she engaged in serious weed whacking with one hand, whilst spanking me with the other.

"Hubby'd been ambiguous as to who couldn't be slapped," I concluded, "so was this really indifference for Rule Number 49?"

"Spank me, baby, darlin', honey," she whispered in between kisses.

I was sure this woman hated me and wanted me dead by the hands of Mr. Militant.

"Put it inside me," she squeezed my Nathan's Famous, as if to emphasize my growing affection, as opposed to *The Best of Abba* LP. "Let's go up to the bed."

Glancing around, I noted a capable couch, as well as a strategically-placed, open futon.

Untwining our tongues, I pulled back, "You're testing me, right? This is some sort of test—"

At once, I realized we were being watched, and perhaps had been for some time. Frightened, I glimpsed the pugnacious prick of a husband mere feet away, fuming.

"Did I just see what I think I saw?" the bellicose beau inquired.

"I—I mean—" was all the articulation I could muster before the woman shouted out, "He kissed me!" pointing in my direction. "Did you see that, honey? This bastard kissed me!"

A 10 second pause ensued before both hurting hubby and I raced for the door. Even *with* my pants around my feet, I was able to beat the son of a bitch and escape. Intense fright often results in amazing acts of strength, as

I'm certain I achieved a new world record for the 100 yard dash that evening.

Cheating death was more satisfying than receiving the corner piece of cake — the one with all the frosting. Much like a broken quarter machine, nothing during that night made cents. Still, the entire experience has caused my midmorning Tanqueray and Tabs to taste that much sweeter.

Justin Time

E-mail #12

Oprah was more likely to take Olympic gold than I was to hook up with the Latina chick seeking dong two nights prior. Responding to her classified, I showed at her house. After knocking on her door for an hour, I left more alone than the member of the *Wil Wheaton Must Reach Space Fan Club*.

We're on to Carrie and Julie. Spoke with the latter today and, as per usual, everyone in her family has a monkey heart beating within their chest. And people wonder why I hump women once and move on.

Said *modus operandi* makes for slow times. It also saves one from hearing a lengthy tale about somebody's mom having her asshole surgically sewn shut.

Carrie and Julie are seeking a threesome after they hooked up with a guy in a nightclub who was suffering from alcohol abuse, *de-*

manded four women and then couldn't get it up at a local Motel 5.

Hoping chicks dig my dangler more intensely than a foxhole during an unexpected air raid,

Stu Dent

E-mail #13

She was a supermodel from France. I was a dork with a dream. The only thing that would come between us was my dong. Thirty minutes into our tryst, I was blasted out the motel room door like a stool from the anus of a guy ridin' an Ex-Lax binger.

"Next!" the woman's escort announced into the crowd of horny guys awaiting their turn. We were each afforded half an hour to touch any body part above the waist while the delicious dame lubed up our lances. Those were the rules, as decreed by the woman's significant other. My time being finished, I sped for a separate room where I could use the two remaining condoms in my handy 14 pack.

Normally, the company who makes my brand supplied a dozen raincoats per carton. Along the line, some asshole in advertising realized he could offer two "extra" condoms for "free" and furtively add \$3 to the overall pack.

These “gratuitous” sheaths could have easily been trash bags, since they offered as much pleasurable sensation as an IRS audit. I always saved these last two until the end of the carton, bestowing them upon guys seeking to “borrow” a condom. Who *borrow*s a johnny hat anyway? If I give you a rubber, consider it yours for life. Akin to chickenpox, I don’t want it back.

Digging into a rucksack filled with sex supplies, I came to the horrifying realization I’d accidentally imparted these last two prophylactics to some other slob. As I entered this next room to find a sensual circus occurring — centered around a female EMT — I cursed my lack of preparation. Disrobing, I searched the sweaty space for anything: errant Saran Wrap, a sandwich bag, an ample swatch of tin foil. As generous as *I’d* always been, folks were less likely to return the favor and offer *me* a condom, even if they owned the Trojan Company. So we’re all adoring Americans on

the anniversary of 9/11, but any other day it's all danglin' dongs for themselves?

Scouring the floor, I came up emptier than Nicole Ritchie's head. Confounded, I hopped atop the waterbed, which was experiencing a tsunami due to the number of bodies upon it. Whilst jockeying for position, I noticed an unused Magnum XL on the ebbing mattress. Before I had a chance at the prize, a pair of hairy balls began descending upon it like a trap door across a cave in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Closing my eyes, I fumbled for the foil-covered French letter, as the horrifying huevos dropped like death. At best, I figured I'd lose a finger.

Snatching something, I retracted my arm a second before the nuts reached the sheets, blocking off my access forever. I'd returned unscathed and now held the refulgent riches in my hand — an unused condom.

Being next in the queue, I'd no time to ponder whether it would fit. I ripped the wrapper of the extra large rubber and suited up. Incredibly, the thing was more snug than parking an 18-wheeler in a compact spot! Even if Oprah had suddenly vanished, never to return, I couldn't have been more enraptured. Pathetically, this is *the* milestone in my life. Others rejoice upon marrying by the age of 25 or purchasing their first home by 30. I was *ebullient* over the fact a Magnum XL fit firmly on my happy home-wrecker! New avenues suddenly opened up. Options had — in one fell act — become limitless.

"I finally got enough money, I could buy my way out of anything! I could do anything I want, and I can get myself a lawyer...and I'll walk! Finally, [Hugh Mungus] is above the law!" (*Kingpin*, 1996).

The mirrored ceiling parted as a glorious light shined down upon me and a powerful voice commanded, "You're up, dude!"

"Huh?!" I broke from my reverie.

"You're next, man."

I was back in the room with naked folk and a horny female ambulance driver spread-eagle in front of me.

"If you don't wanna go, let me in," some corpulent, tattooed guy demanded, pushing his way toward the woman.

"What—?" I instinctively lowered myself upon the libidinous lass before the slime bag — to whom I'd bestowed dozens of condoms in the past — could intervene.

As soon as I took my turn, and no more free latex shields could be found, I departed for my local drug store from which I purchase all my condoms. Awaiting me was the lovely — and seemingly lusty — Cynthia: a sexually frustrated cashier who had recently divorced and grown weary of singles bars.

Months prior, this sultry slice initiated a conversation whilst ringing me up, a carton of Magnums on the counter between us. Since then, she'd always managed to wait on me, a conspicuous case of large contraceptives at the core of our exchanges.

Today, I was about to up the ante, and throw the more capacious condoms into the fracas. My plan was foolproof. She'd take note of the upgrade in size, and make a comment along the lines of, "Not your normal brand is it, big boy?"

To which I'd respond, "Yeah, I kept breaking through regular Magnums and needed something 'roomier' with the XLs." Of course, this was a lie equal to, "If elected, I promise..."

Her reply would then be, "Oh, yeah? Well I need something bigger, too."

Cue the cheesy porn soundtrack. I'd proceed to tell her about Bob's House of Ass — not

only her salvation from the singles scene, but a venue at which she could live out her wildest fantasies. Wet and ready, she'd take me into the breakroom for a christening of my new brand.

As sure as *America's Next Top Model* sucks, none of the above transpired. Cynthia could have cared less if I'd thrown a gallon drum of Preparation H on the counter. Resultantly, I raced home, scribbled this E-mail, branded the beef stick and passed out watching Fred Sanford feign a coronary.

Victor E. Us

E-mail #14

A correspondence from Jordan and Cherry:

"Hey Hugh,

How many times can you cum in a day?

Cherry may get up enough nerve to feel your cock if that would be OK. Would love to see her make you shoot loads of jizz. You might have to bring yourself close then she could lick your balls and take you over the edge.

Thanks!"

Didn't I hear this original dialogue on *Sesame Street*?

I'll never understand the surreptitious catalysts that cause humans to do what they do. Similar to spring forward, fall back, what's the fuckin' point?

Like Jordache Jeans, MC Hammer and naked photos of Ernest Borgnine, people are usually

happy to pretend I never existed. This works well, since I'm not obliged to see them again and can move on. Most folks in the swinging arena are as asinine as not liking the end of a movie and watching it twice in hopes it will conclude differently.

Must cruise and continue writing *There's No "E" in Horny 3* — which, of course, will be less anticipated than an unplanned child with four assholes and perennial diarrhea.

Eaton A. Hole

E-mail #15

People are so brainless you could decapitate them and they wouldn't weigh any less. Nobody asks the important questions like, "Who the fuck is Craig from Craigslist?"

Exiting the highway, I blazed a direct path for the porn theater. I'd been on the road for 12 hours, and although I'd yet to eat, my need for sex took precedence. The ice cold contents of a 64 ounce Big Gulp sloshing around in my bladder, I had to urinate like a dog in a town filled with fire hydrants. This necessity, however, also took a backseat to my carnal cravings. Traversing five states, I hadn't prepared even a modicum of relief.

Utah had been so boring, I jimmied my joystick whilst driving through half of it. A billboard in Arizona of a bikini-clad mom on vacation had gotten the ball rolling. Of course stopping at a roadside diner, only to discover a curvy, brown Latina breastfeeding her child

didn't help. Forking over 50¢ and thumbing through a local XXX newspaper put things in overdrive. I jacked-off to the Sears Catalog bra section in a bathroom of what turned out to be the most active rest stop on the planet. Flashed three sets of tits by an SUV of college chicks, I was ready to purchase the next Taco Bell bean burrito I could find, and insert myself inside it.

Truck stops advertised Asian massage services in what were assuredly darkened rooms dripping in island themes, Don Ho tunes and orgasms.

The two sunny side up huevos I ordered resembled the first pair of tits I'd seen in the flesh. My best friend's mom had invited my seven year old ass into her bedroom, whilst brushing her hair, totally naked in front of a full-length mirror.

"Do you think I have a beautiful body?" she'd inquired. I nodded, at that age still of the be-

lief my member was solely something to pee from. Searching her freezer for ice cream, uncovering condoms filled with frozen water, it was a, "If I knew then what I know now" moment. Casting off my virginity to a separate pal's older sister while said buddy was in the adjacent room drunk, was a memory that now flooded my brain.

This road trip had become a nightmare. Sex surrounded me, and yet I had no place to get off. Hence, when I finally reached my city of destination, I made a beeline for a local adult theater. It was a shot in the dark that hit the target.

Ponying up the entrance fee, I wandered into the sickly-smelling lust lair, compelled by the sounds of onscreen faked orgasms and slapping skin. In the dingy surroundings, I could barely make out the group that had congregated in the front row — before a 15 foot tall nude woman with a clit piercing the size of a wrist bracelet.

In this type of venue, wherever there was a crowd, at the center of the cluster was a female. As sure as musicals are a bad investment, the object of everyone's affection was a homemaker with tits that could've kept the Titanic afloat.

I couldn't believe my luck. I'd frequented this theater a hundred times, meticulously planning each outing, only to register a 20% success rate. Acclimating to the lack of light, I stumbled forth, nearly slipping on something viscous beneath my feet. Cringing, I planted myself in a chair darker and more leathery than Morgan Freeman's ball sack. Two seats to my left, concerned citizens attempted to ameliorate some invisible blaze on the chest of the only senorita in attendance with their flesh firehouses. Understanding this kind of event had a half-life in the range of a Martin Short/Joey Lawrence buddy cop show, I disrobed and merged into the melee.

Due to an immortal aroma rivaling a Porta-Potty, as well as the plausible presence of undercover cops, I took care of business and was more gone than O.J.'s credibility.

Like a *Hallmark* movie, my trip had more of a happy ending than a rubdown in a Japanese massage parlor.

Jack N. Coke

E-mail #16

I gazed across the river at what looked like an establishing shot out of *Escape From New York*. The smoldering city beyond the water was post-apocalyptic, perfidious and where I needed to go to complete my mission.

I was Snake Plisskin — minus the eye patch, cool name and superior fighting skills. Without Adrienne Barbeau's abundant attributes riding shotgun, I aimed my metallic mare at a borough more feared than the possibility of *The A-Team: A Musical*.

The chances of me escaping alive? The same as finding an Indy 500 winner who can't drive stick.

I was less delighted about placing my life on the line than Dolly Parton was in keeping her tits real. Gearing up to play dodgeball with a hand grenade, I understood I needed sex. It had become the fifth food group for me since

finding a *Playboy* beneath the couch during original episodes of *Reading Rainbow*.

"Jesus has risen again! *He* will save you!" the billboard screamed forth, similar to the previous 14 Interstate declarations. I would've listened, except for the fact that if JC *had* returned, he was doing a shitty job, since innocent people were droppin' dead everywhere. You can use the "master plan" and "works in mysterious ways" excuses all you want. Once everyone's takin' dirt naps because they've been praying to a godhead that doesn't exist, rather than figuring out how to divert Earth-bound asteroids, there will be nobody left to whom you can articulate.

Yes, it was the Bible Belt, and I was deep in its control-crazy heart. Since I found myself here, and surmised I was already damned, I figured I'd garner a nice piece of ass! Arriving at the colloquial swing *theater* around 5 PM, I purchased my ticket for the show, and entered.

The onslaught that would terminate humanity commenced in the middle of the night, whilst an unawares populace slumbered. Pre-dawn, I caught sight of the first invader, its claws gripping robust hunks of lawn as it made its way toward the house.

My fear was so palpable, you could have cut it with a knife and served it at a \$5.95 buffet, complete with Ranch Dressing and gratuitous biscuit.

By noon — 148 hours later — the assault had reached the porch. It was then *CNN* made the announcement, much to the chagrin of the governments of the world: "Yes, turtles have suddenly become carnivorous, craving human flesh."

Over the next *8,000,000 years*, *Homo sapiens* would be unrelentingly annihilated by the tortoise population. People were forced to often *walk* from the approaching deluge in fear.

The only things slower than the extirpation of humans by voracious turtles are the reading of this E-mail or how my latest swing sojourn progressed. Fewer individuals watch porn for its cinematic merits than play barefoot soccer with a cinder block. There's a reason *Siskel & Ebert* didn't review XXX films. Nobody who's stretching the spaghetti gives a burning bung about continuity or choice of filters watching Madison Ivy engulfing erection. At least that's what I'd erroneously concluded before visiting my first swing theater in God's country.

Ostensibly, *all* 12 women on the planet eager to critique adult features were in attendance when I made my inaugural trip to this lauded lust locale. At one point, we were talkin' 10 theatergoers total, five sans testes. Even so, one lone blowjob was administered during an entire seven hour period. Of course I wasn't the lucky recipient, but was allowed to siphon my snake whilst watching the girl in question attend to her man.

How could one dozen women watch porn and not even become *slightly* stimulated? With a turnout of that magnitude, you'd think I'd be seeing more action than an Arnold Schwarzenegger flick.

Although my initial journey to this locale appeared as futile as Geraldo's search for his soul, I gained valuable insight into the inner workings of sex in the Bible Belt.

Pete Moss

E-mail #17

I stopped drinking for a number of days, but began again as a result of this:

I'd replied to an online couple desirous of information about Bob's. In response to their ad, I sent the correspondence below — which took an hour to compose:

“Hi!

My name's Hugh and I'm answering your classified seeking info on Bob's House of Ass.

I have blonde hair, green eyes and an athletic build. Please see my attached nude pics. I'm also DDF.

In addition, I'm obviously not camera shy, so should you care to take photos or videos, feel free to do so!

I'm available any day or night, my schedule is very flexible and I can always work around what's most conducive for you.

Concerning Bob's, Saturdays and select holidays are typically busiest. This being said, you can stumble across a bustling Monday, Friday or any day in between. In addition, you'll occasionally have your slow weekends, as well. There's quite a bit of random chance involved with Bob's.

Every once in a while, you'll exit the hallowed halls of horniness overloaded on 2-D porn, questioning if anything without a Y chromosome still exists. There's no way to foresee such a nightmare coming, but when it does, you simply accept it with the foreknowledge you'll someday be knee deep in breasts on the orgy bed.

This Internet group may help you overcome slow days to a certain extent:

www.bobshouseofass.com

Said online club is comprised of folks who frequent Bob's on a regular basis. A couple turned me on to it about five years ago, and I've met a number of women, as a result.

This isn't a sales pitch, by the way. I write for a living, so I'm often told I sound like a bot. Nope. Just another dork who happens to hit Bob's a lot.

Hope this helps! Should you desire additional photos or further information, just ask! I'm always happy to send!

Thanks again for posting such a great ad!

Hugh”

In response, I received this:

“Thanks for the info it was a great help”

As pointless as sending condoms to a priest, they couldn't even add a period to the end of their malformed sentence?!

Since the new year flipped, it's as if people have made a concerted resolution to flake. In the past three weeks, I've had money stolen from me, no shows, snow storm cancellations and folks undergoing drug withdrawals.

Still savoring the possibility of a Bill Shatner/Dakota Fanning wedding,

Ken Tucky

E-mail #18

One minute you're dry humpin' a female polo team; the next you're pissin' oil on the Mexican border, whilst suckling the abdicated assholes of four wayward wenches!

I sense a pending Bob's sojourn. I'm steerin' clear of a jaunt tomorrow, though. Hookin' up with Christy is fun, but punishable by death in Honduras. In addition, she and I have spent so much time together by now we're lookin' at a common law situation. It's to the point our encounters have become as exciting as a *Scarecrow and Mrs. King* retrospective.

I'll work the weekday action at Bob's. Even though Ally is fantastic, she's a biter and sex with her is less pleasurable than a Brillo Pad massage. Like farts subsequent a chili cook-off, I crave freedom.

I'm not complaining. I feel damned fortunate *any* woman wants to sleep with me, let alone

on numerous occasions. I just realize when things have become less promising than an Academy Award for Costas Mandylor.

Ever fuckin' forward, baby!

Crystal Lite

E-mail #19

Darla was a perfectly-packaged porn prima donna who hit the pool with her man, Jefe.

On the clock, I ignited the conversation like a Saturn V rocket. After numerous minutes of not knowing whether Darla liked single guys, she informed all males in attendance this was her second sojourn to a swing club. Moments later, she feigned a fall on the slippery slope of the Jacuzzi, and conveniently landed on the dong of Travis — a Bob's regular.

At that point, we converged on her like vultures on a carcass. Suggesting we transport Darla to the orgy bed, I was praised for my genius the way Tesla was upon invention of the alternating current motor. Surrounding this sexy strumpet in less time than it takes the IRS to ruin a life, we took turns with said senorita, whilst Jefe humped Laurie — a resident great time — at the opposite end of the mattress. I brought 14 condoms with me to

that goddamned box spring. Upon leaving, I was able to recoup *two* unused prophylactics from atop the sheet! I'm sure *I* didn't burn through 12 condoms in one half hour session, so there must be a Bermuda Triangle swallowing up rubbers in that area of the club.

I used three with Darla and two with Laurie. That leaves *seven* expensive latex sheathes lost and unaccounted for! I'm callin' *Magnum P.I.* on this one. Hence, it's back to the drug store for more supplies. I don't mind sharin' provisions with the other profligate people poolside, but most of these dudes don't even show up with a single condom! That's like failing to bring beer to a BYOB blowout, or earplugs to a Miley Cyrus concert.

I apparently drained an entire bottle of lube, as well, as I couldn't even find *the container* upon leaving the bed! Rubbers are \$15 a 12 pack and cock cream is \$10. Together, that's more than the admission fee to Bob's. I can't

even purchase the entire series of *Matlock* on DVD for \$25!

All ranting aside, Darla is a squirter. Initially, I thought someone was spitting on me as I was atop her. Unaware of what it takes to make women ejaculate, I didn't realize said spring was burgeoning from her crotch until the third time it transpired.

Eventually, Darla experienced enough of the gyrating group groin action and left, leaving no means of contact. Always like to keep 'em satisfied, baby!

About the mattress it appeared as though the World War III of Sex had occurred. Grabbing a fistful of towels and a palm of hand sanitizer, I cleaned up *exactly* 12 consumed condoms! Coincidence? I think not.

Justin Case

E-mail #20

I feverishly fondled my frankfurter. From the opposite side of the trailer, in a matching La-Z-Boy, the white trash centerfold sat equally naked, watching two soap operas, a portion of *Ellen* and the tail end of *The View*. All this moments from the border of a foreign land.

An 18 pound cat — improperly named Tiny — took a liking to my lap and proceeded to sink five razor-sharp claws into my left ball.

"Look!" the racecar bikini model — with tits more impressive than a supernova — gleefully deduced. "He *really* likes you!"

How does digging five killing tools into a testicle equate to an act of affection?

The excruciating pain had me hallucinating I was Johnathan Taylor Thomas. On the verge of passing out, it was all I could do to stifle my screams.

In the end, I obtained eight minutes of actual intercourse — assuredly a mercy fuck — before the woman in question's head began ailing her. Days of nude sun bathing, combined with a sea of margaritas had her less interested in me than shitting out a major organ.

It was then the doublewide dweller of course informed me of her sexual abuse as a child. Combine this with her affirmations of unpredictable mood swings, due to PTSD — don't fuckin' ask me — and you've got a recipe for the ruined rump roast I experienced.

Had I not engaged in a variety of erogenous exploits in the past, I would have been more confused than Emilio Estevez at a *Where's Your Career Going?* seminar.

The woman in question is hosting a Groundhog Day party. Allegedly, five couples are invited. Knowing my luck, I'll end up shackled in her basement. Eight months from now, FBI agents will uncover my rotting carcass along-

side a stockpile of bootleg Shannen Doherty/
Michael Caine porn tapes!

Hugh Jayhole

E-mail #21

It's the final chapter of this heroic saga and I find myself sitting in an Empanada Explosion awaiting a tow truck, having stalled en route to Bob's. Such is the world of the single male swinger. You take the bruises and bumps in the same stride as the ticker tape parades.

Days ago, I was outnumbered by 16 denuded dames, sliding my sausage between the oiled tits of a woman who made Pamela Anderson appear flat-chested. A mere 72 hours prior, I was freestyle fornicating an office temp from the Midwest and an Asian wine saleswoman. A week before, I was performing my best nursing infant impression on the bare breasts of two wet T-shirt contest competitors.

Today, however, I'm as anonymous as every other individual choosing to take up space. Today, I'm thrust back into the paradigm of the prosaic — reminded with a roundhouse

kick to the twin kiwifruit of how most exist. Today...I'm bored.

Once you've found yourself naked in a motel room with a female church group in town for one night, there's no going back. Why would you? You've escaped. Your life has been irrevocably changed for the better. The shackles society has chosen to bind itself with have broken. You're Steve McQueen from *Papillon*, while most others are Dustin Hoffman.

Let humanity be fatuous, tedious and devoid of spirit. Why would you allow anybody but *you* to decide what's best for *you*? Consider it. You've been with yourself every moment of your existence. Unless you're a conjoined twin, not even your closest sibling will be able to make that claim. You think some 6' 7" freak show who's never even *met* you will have the answers you seek in the generic CDs he sells to everyone? Some guy we're told transformed his blood into wine can't come back and perform a *useful* miracle like

eradicating cancer? People will pretend to believe in the weirdest shit. Let 'em. Have confidence in yourself. It's that simple. You are your own key to escape.

Hugh Mungus

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— **About the Author** —

A starry-eyed Al Roker will be crowned Miss Teen USA before any of Hugh Mungus' publications find their way onto Oprah's Book of the Month Club.

Like a bikini, Mr. Mungus wished to cover all the important parts with this series. Important, that is, when it comes to swinging and the single male.

There's No "E" in Horny is about as awesome as Harrison Ford's Russian accent in *K-19: The Widowmaker*. Fuck it! At least it's better than Shakespeare.

With a penchant for perfection, Hugh Mungus is probably the last person on Earth who still uses the spell check feature on his E-mails. Destined to wind up living like Budd from *Kill Bill: Vol. 2*, Senor M. can currently be found eating owl burgers in a greasy gin joint, or playing naked Twister with someone's wife.

— **Acknowledgments** —

To every person on this planet who's realized what we're being forced to believe is a load of shit. To every person who has ceased to accept it any longer.

— **Author's Note** —

Akin to watching the movie *Unforgettable* and not remembering it, the Internet just happens. Websites alive and kickin' today, may be more defunct and departed than Wilford Brimley's porn career, tomorrow.

